



26 JAN 96

ROBINSON  
HARRIS  
WILLIAMS III  
EATSKINE  
VON GRAWBARGER  
GRAY

# STARMAN



DEMON  
QUEST  
PART THREE OF THREE







OOAF!

THE PAIN'S  
INTENSE,  
BUT PASSES  
QUICKLY.

SAFFRON. BRIEF ODOR  
OF IT DRIFTS BY. THEN  
I SMELL HORSE DUNG.  
WOOD DAMP. AND  
BLOOD.

I DON'T KNOW  
WHY...DON'T  
REMEMBER WHERE  
I AM.

OH YEAH. NOW  
I RECALL...



I DON'T KNOW  
WHY I'M HERE...  
WHY I HURT. MAN.  
THIS IS--



SHOCK. MUST  
BE. TRAUMA'S  
TURNED MY  
HEAD TO ASH.





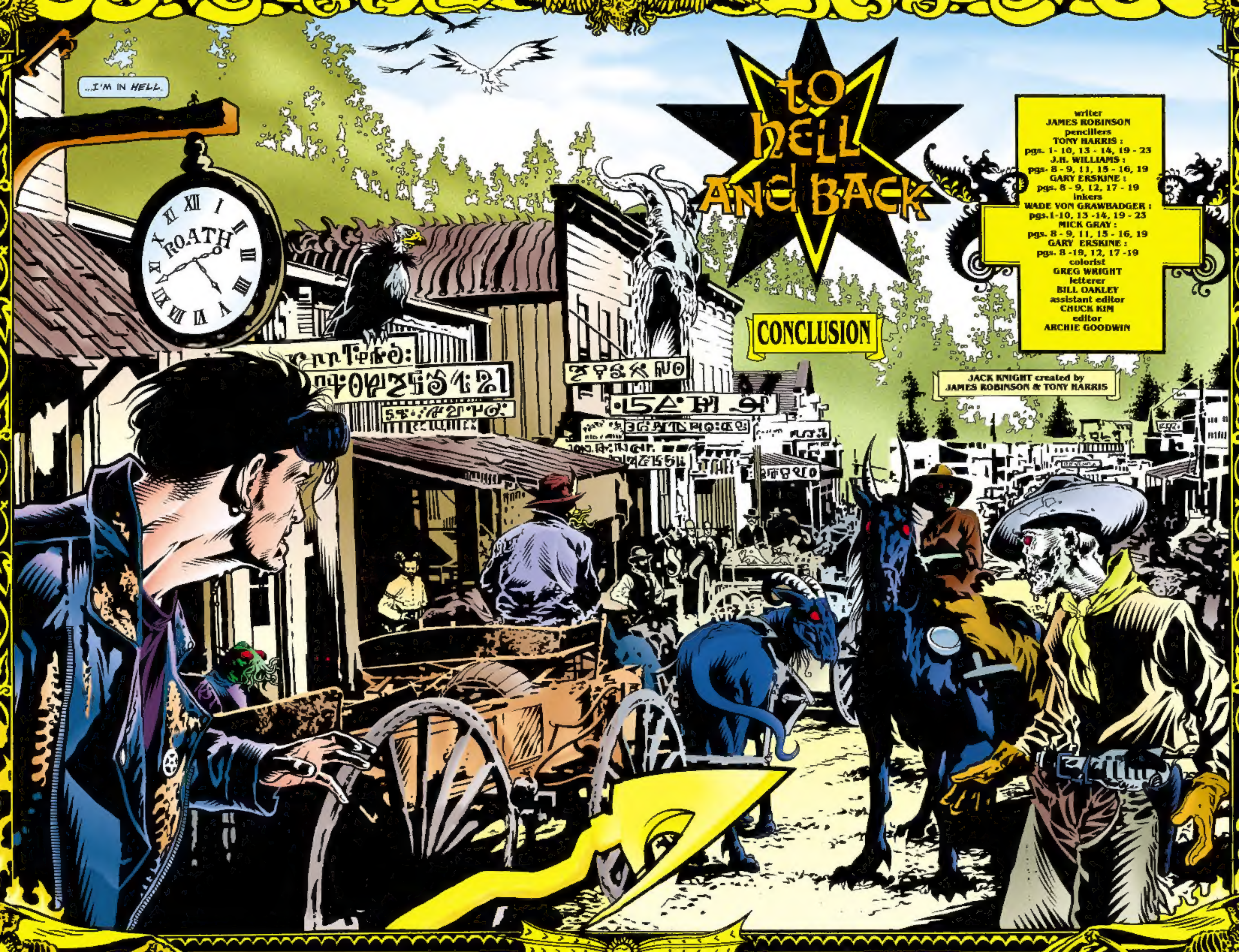
...I'M IN HELL.

# to HELL AND BACK

CONCLUSION

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MATT O'DARE.



YOU WON'T GET ME!

IF I HAVE TO KILL THE DEVIL HIMSELF, I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS.

N'I'M TAKING THE SHADOW MAN WITH ME.



OH, MAN.

YEEHOO!

GHAA!







ARRRH!

WHAT DO I DO? SHOOT  
THE HORSE. NO? YES?

HELL  
HORSE?



HAVE TO, I  
GUESS, IF  
I'M GOING  
TO SAVE--



SKIDOOED.

HOWDY,  
SWEETCHEEKS.

WILD.

A WESTERN HELL  
BECOMES NOT.  
IN A CHALK AND  
PEPPER SWIRL,  
LIKE  
INTERFERENCE  
ON THE  
TELEVISION.

HAVE GUN--WILL  
TRAVEL...ON  
ACID...



...TRANSFORMS IN  
AN OILY SHUDDER.

OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.

KNIGHT AND THE  
SHERIFF. I'D SAY YOU  
WERE WELCOME, IF  
THAT WERE SO.

YEAH,  
YEAH.  
WHATEVER.

OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.  
OH MY GOD.

SHADE,  
BUDDY, YOU  
OKAY?

NO. LOOK HOW  
I'VE BEEN MADE  
TO DRESS.

I  
TRULY AM  
IN HELL.





SO, DEMONS  
SPEAK ENGLISH,  
HUH?

NO.

YOU'RE  
SPEAKING THE  
LANGUAGE OF  
THE FIFTH  
RING.

I WILL IT THAT  
YOU ARE VERSED  
IN THE TONGUE AND  
IT IS SO.

WHY  
WOULD YOU  
FOLLY BY  
COMING HERE,  
KNIGHT?



I DON'T  
KNOW. IF SOMEONE  
HAD TOLD ME I'D  
WILLINGLY DIVE THROUGH  
THE GATES OF HELL, I'D  
SAY THEY WERE  
SCREWY.

WHY AM I  
HERE? IT  
SEEMED LIKE A  
GOOD IDEA AT  
THE TIME, I  
GUESS.

YOU'RE IN  
HELL AND YOU  
MAKE LIGHT  
OF IT.

YOU  
CAME  
HERE TO  
KILL  
ME?

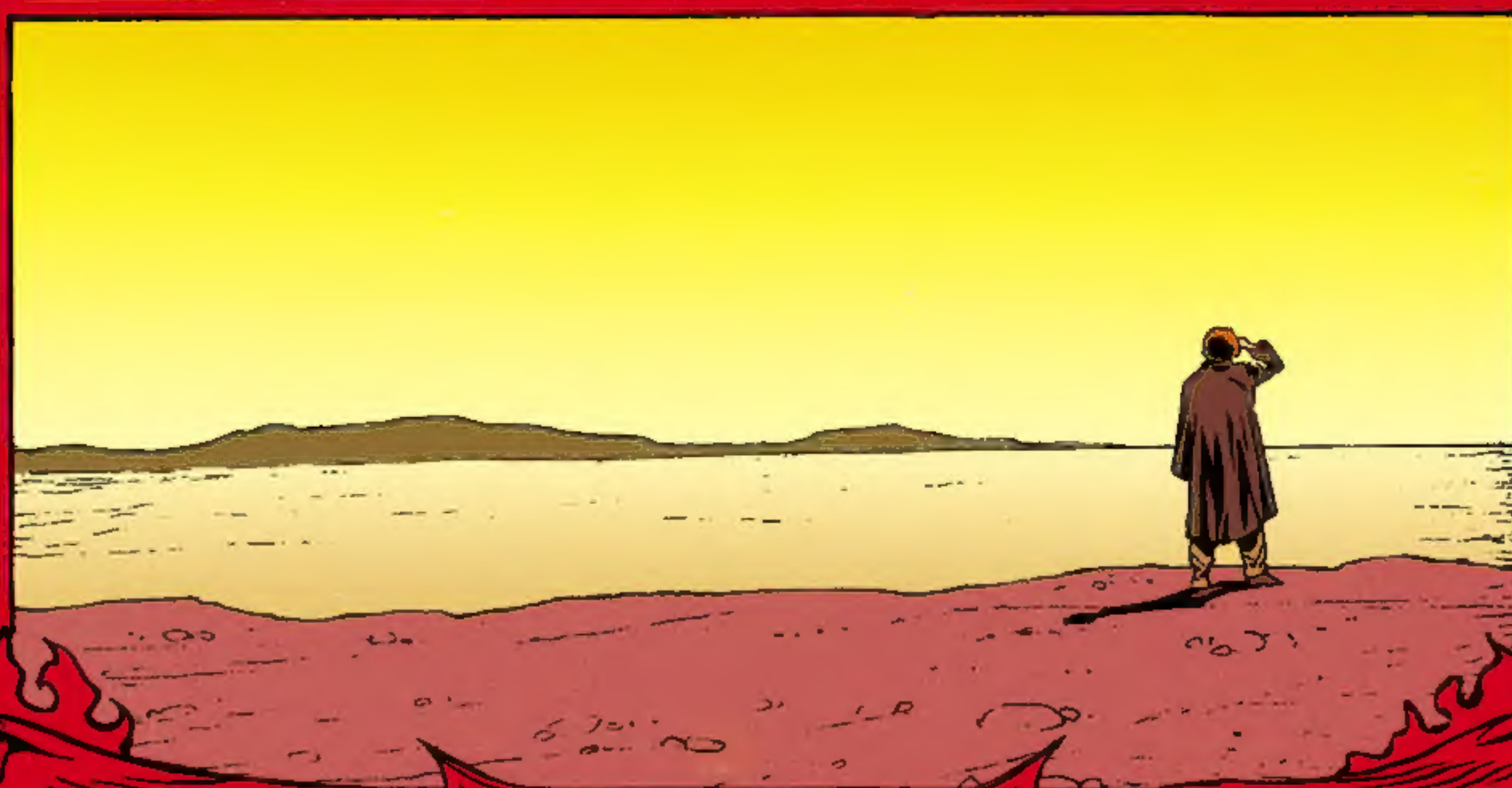
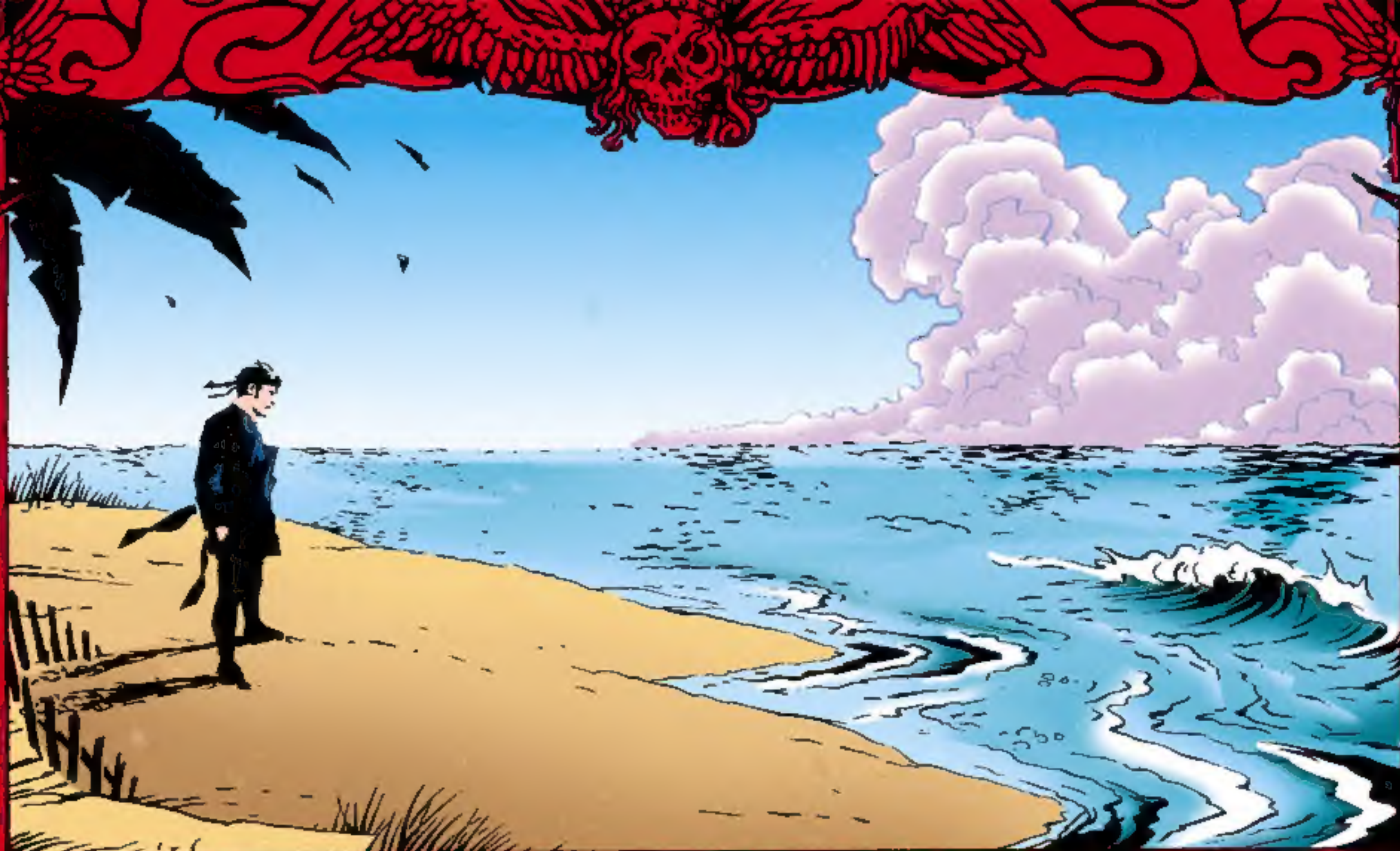
I  
CAME HERE  
TO STOP YOU.  
I DON'T KNOW  
THAT I COULD  
KILL YOU EVEN IF  
I WANTED  
TO.

AND I CAME  
HERE FOR MY  
FRIENDS.

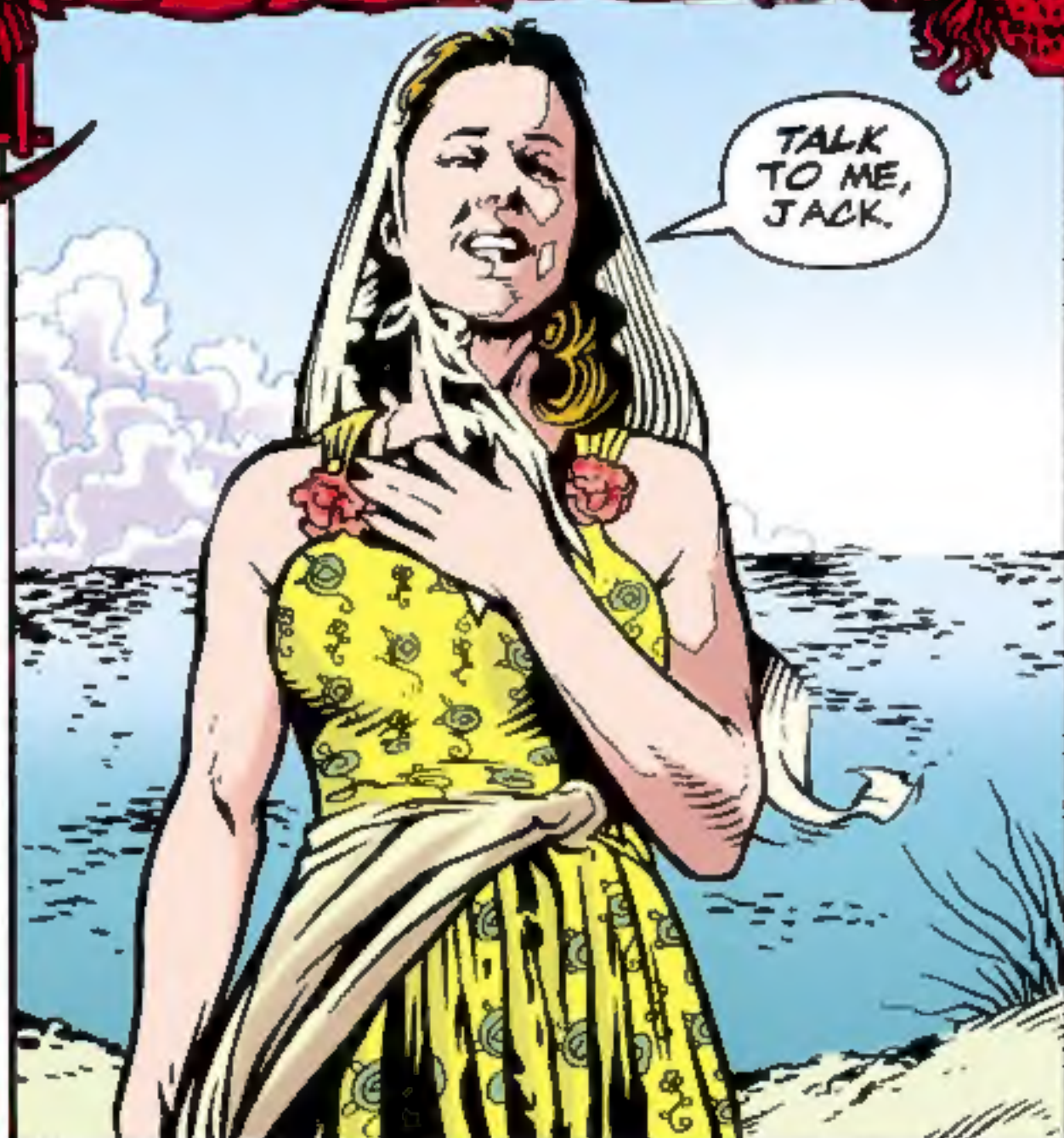
YOU'D LIKE  
TO STOP ME?  
THE THREE  
OF YOU?

THEN  
TRY AS YOU  
MIGHT.











WHY  
ARE WE  
HERE?

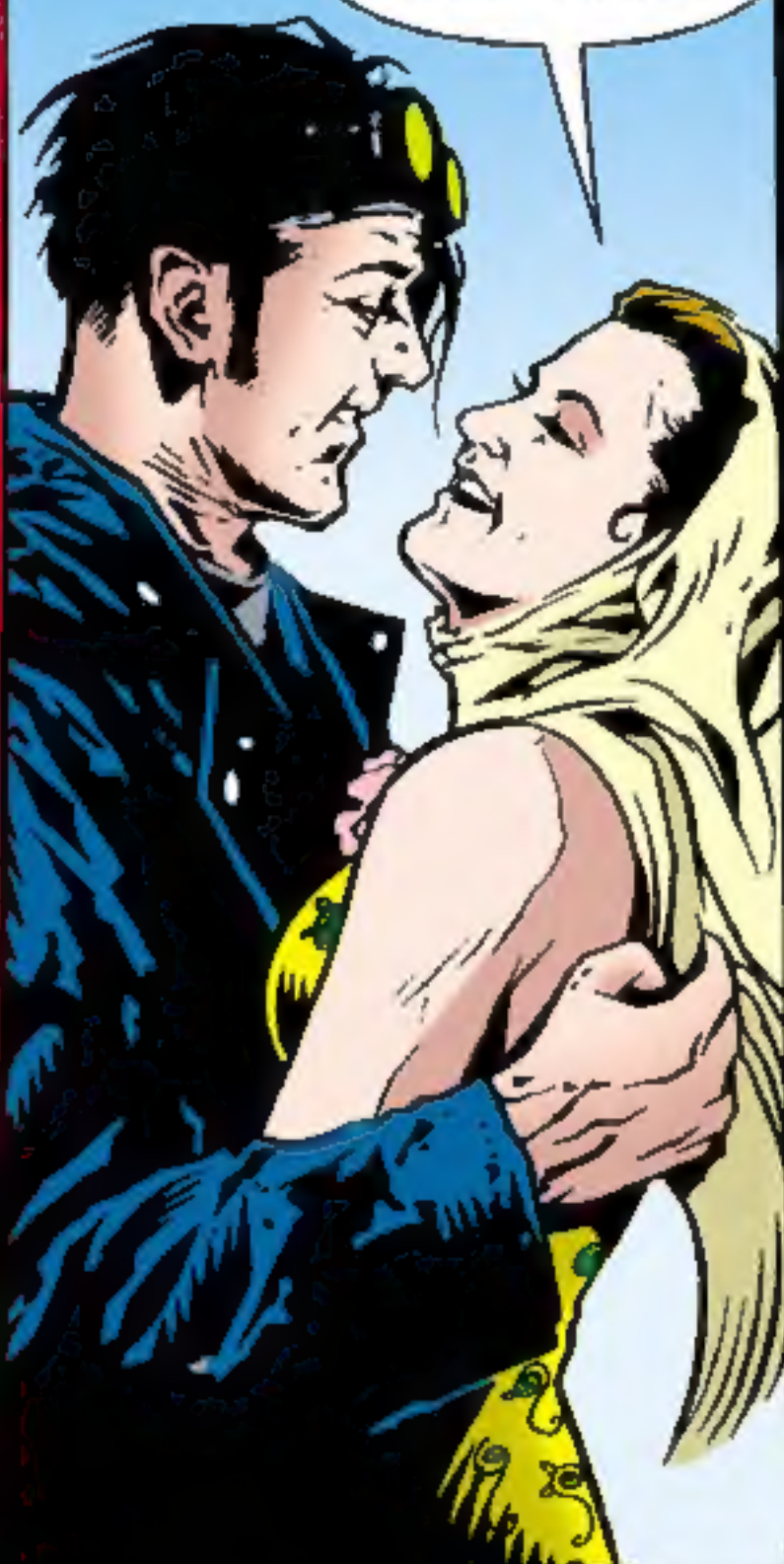
THIS IS THE  
LAST PLACE WE  
SAW EACH OTHER.  
DON'T YOU  
REMEMBER?

I WENT TO A  
CLINIC IN CALIFORNIA  
WHERE I HOPED  
THEY'D FIND A CURE  
FOR THE SICKNESS  
THAT TOOK ME.

I KNEW MY  
APPEARANCE WOULD  
SOON DECLINE. I  
THOUGHT YOU TOO YOUNG  
TO GO THROUGH SEEING  
ME WASTE AWAY.

DAVID VISITED  
ME TWICE MORE AFTER  
THIS, BUT I ASKED YOUR  
FATHER NOT TO BRING  
YOU AGAIN.

I KNOW THAT  
MIGHT SOUND CRUEL  
BUT I LOVED YOU SO.  
I COULDN'T BEAR  
HURTING YOU, BY HAVING  
YOU SEE ME THE WAY I  
FINALLY LOOKED.

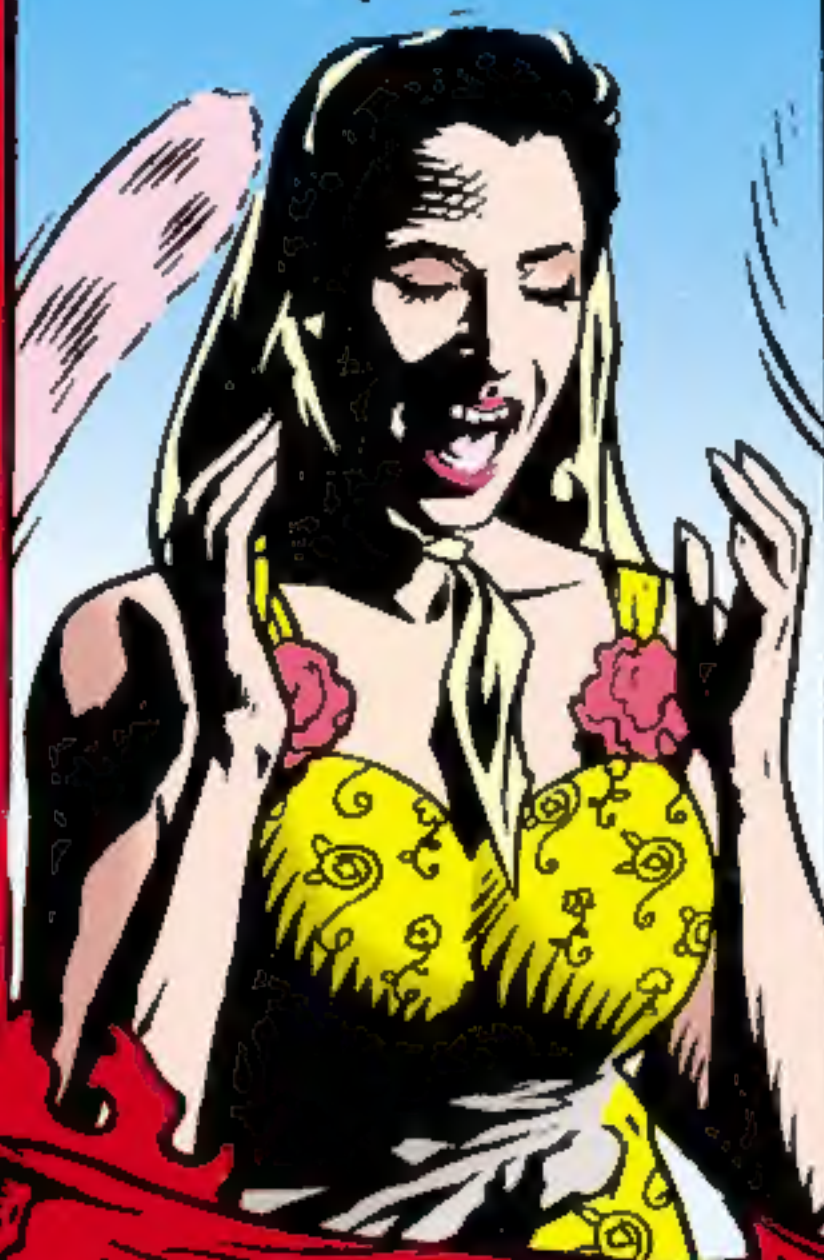


SO YOU VISITED ME THAT  
TIME, AND WE WALKED ON THE  
BEACH. AND IT SHONE JUST  
LIKE IT DOES NOW. AND THE  
WAVES WERE TALL AND RICH  
AND BLUE JUST LIKE  
THEY ARE NOW.

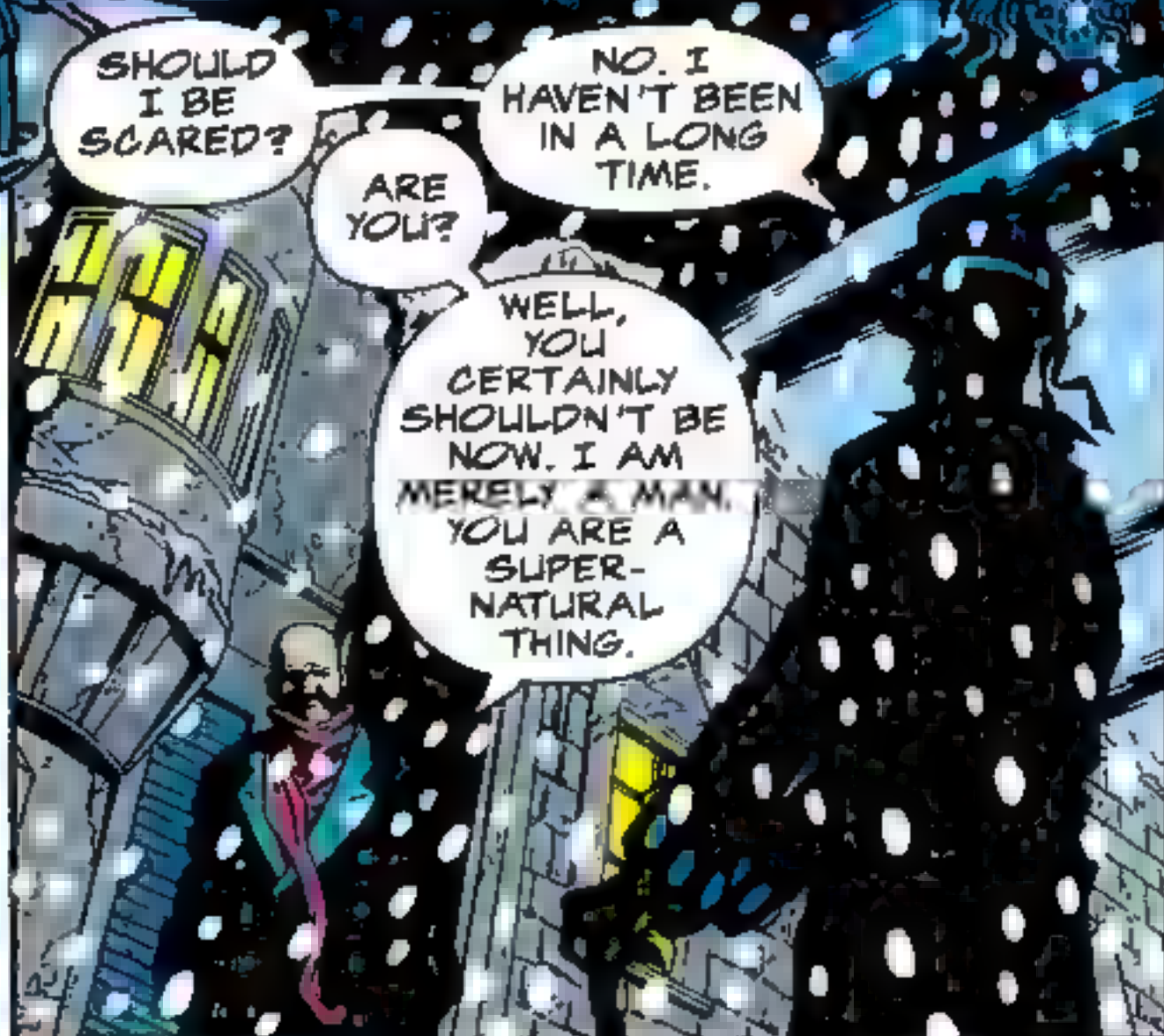
AND  
WE SMILED  
AND LAUGHED  
AND HELD HANDS  
AND BUILT SAND  
CASTLES.

DON'T  
TELL ME YOU'VE  
FORGOTTEN,  
JACK. DON'T TELL  
ME THAT.

OH YOU ARE THE  
DEVIL, INDEED. TO  
MAKE ME RECALL  
SUCH A THING.







SHOULD I BE SCARED?

ARE YOU?

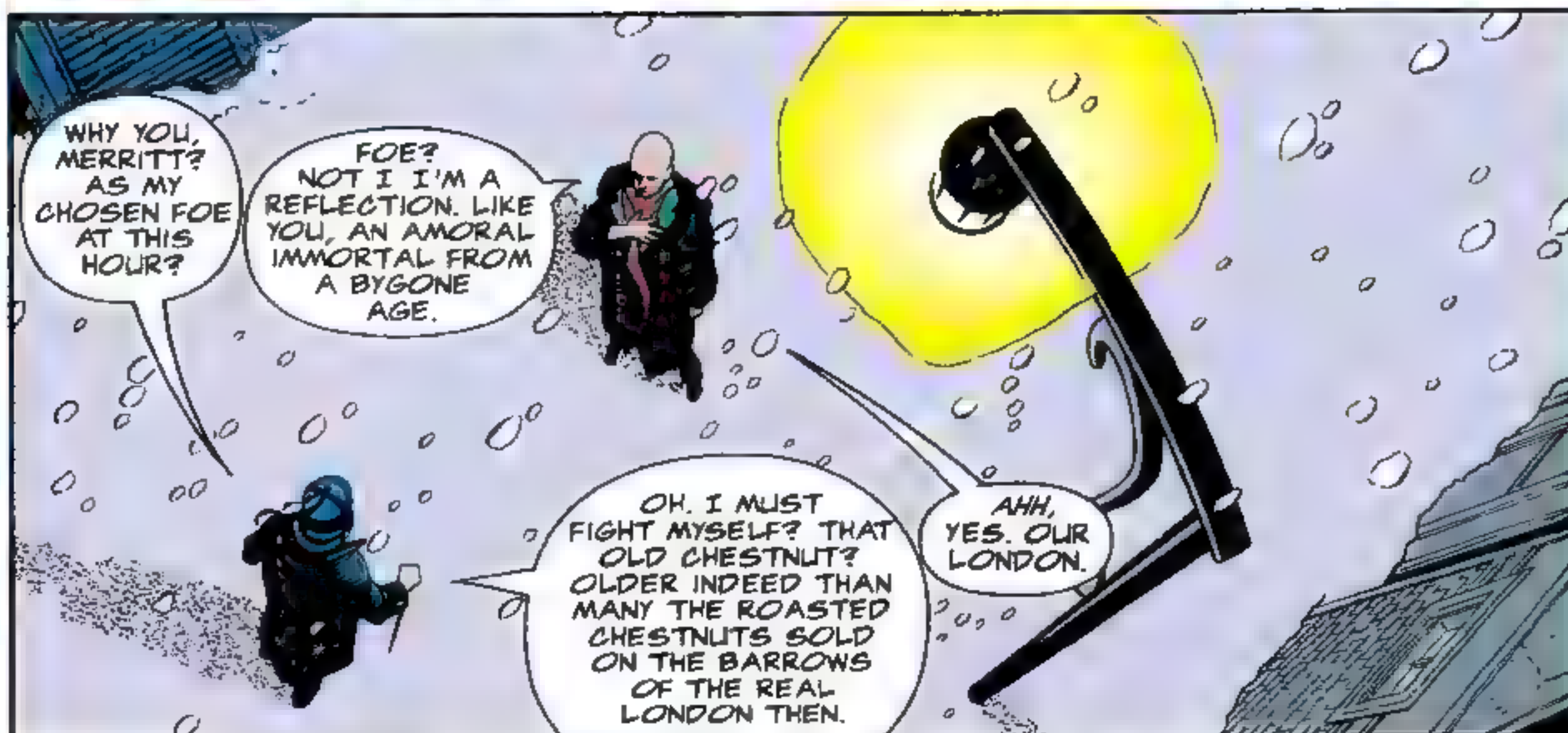
NO. I HAVEN'T BEEN IN A LONG TIME.

WELL, YOU CERTAINLY SHOULDN'T BE NOW. I AM MERELY A MAN. YOU ARE A SUPER-NATURAL THING.



KILL ME. YOU HAVE KILLED SO MANY. AND WITH NE'ER A NUTMEGGING OF CONSCIENCE. KILL ME, I SAY. KILL ME, SIR.

YOU KNOW THAT I CANNOT. YOU KNOW HELL HAS TAKEN MY SPARK AND TAR.



WHY YOU, MERRITT? AS MY CHOSEN FOE AT THIS HOUR?

FOE? NOT I I'M A REFLECTION. LIKE YOU, AN AMORAL IMMORTAL FROM A BYGONE AGE.

OH. I MUST FIGHT MYSELF? THAT OLD CHESTNUT? OLDER INDEED THAN MANY THE ROASTED CHESTNUTS SOLD ON THE BARROWS OF THE REAL LONDON THEN.

AHH, YES. OUR LONDON.



DON'T THINK FOR A MOMENT THIS IS MY LONDON.

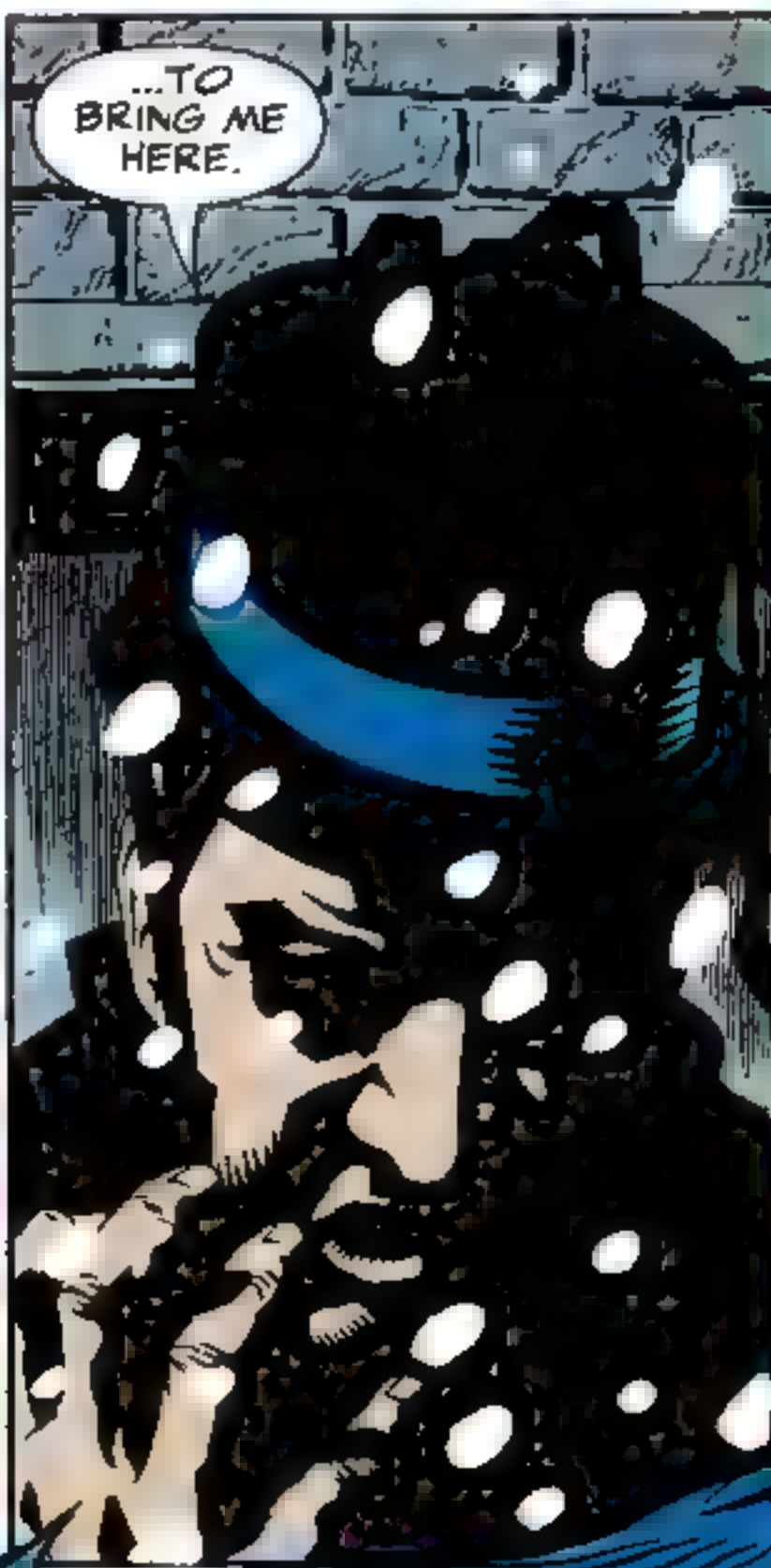
I HAVE NO PLEASANT GHOSTS OF YORE IN MIND.

I RECALL THE SMELL OF SOOT AND IRON. THE SOUND OF MUD LARKS SCREAMING OBSCENITIES AT EACH OTHER. I RECALL A HORSE DYING ONE HOT SUMMER'S DAY. DROPPING WHERE IT STOOD. I RECALL CHIMNEYS. I RECALL A GIRL WITHOUT A JAW.



AND YOU ARE NO MERRITT, NO MORE THAN THIS INFERNAL MUSIC HALL BACKDROP IS THE LONDON OF ONCE.

YOU ARE THE DEVIL.



...TO BRING ME HERE.





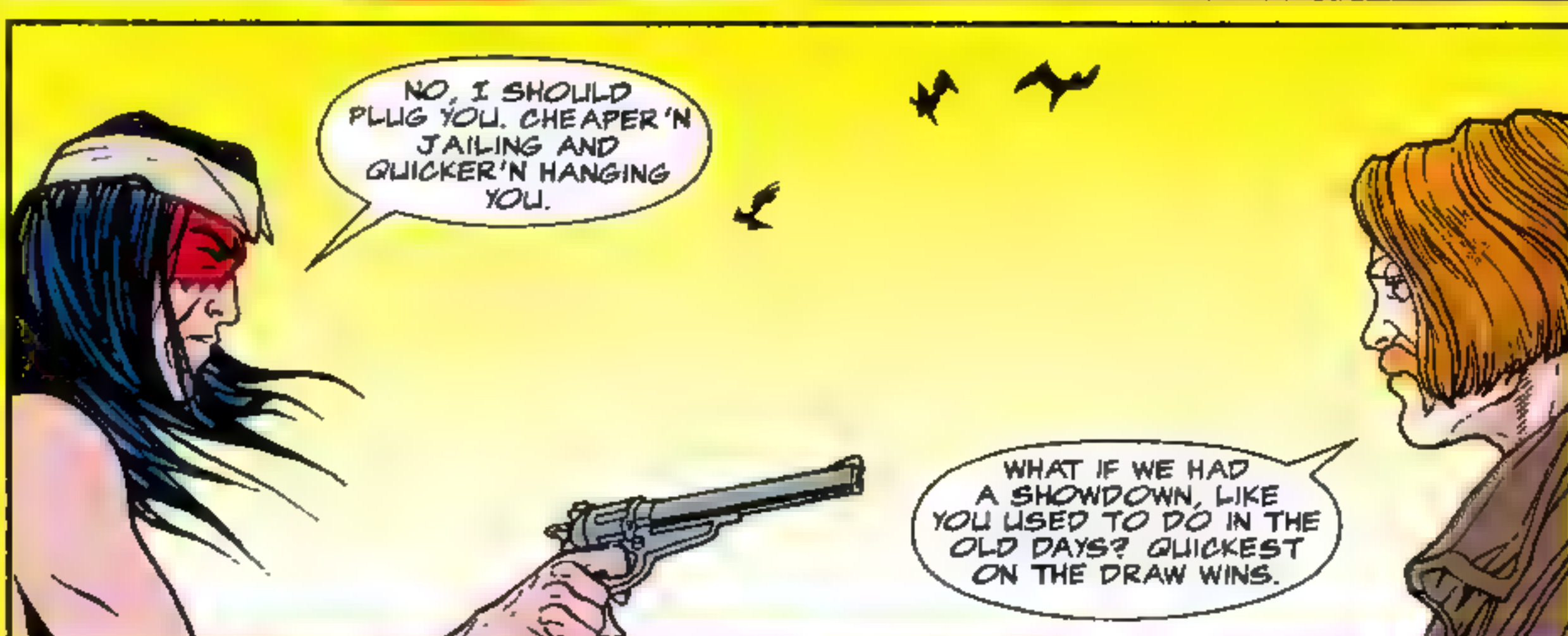
I SHOULD  
PLUG YOU  
WHERE YOU  
STAND.

VARMINT.



I DON'T  
GET YOU. YOU JUST  
TOLD ME TO START  
CHANGING AND I  
HAVE DONE IT.

I MAYBE  
DONE TOLD YOU,  
BUT IT COME A  
MITE LATE BY MY  
RECKONING.



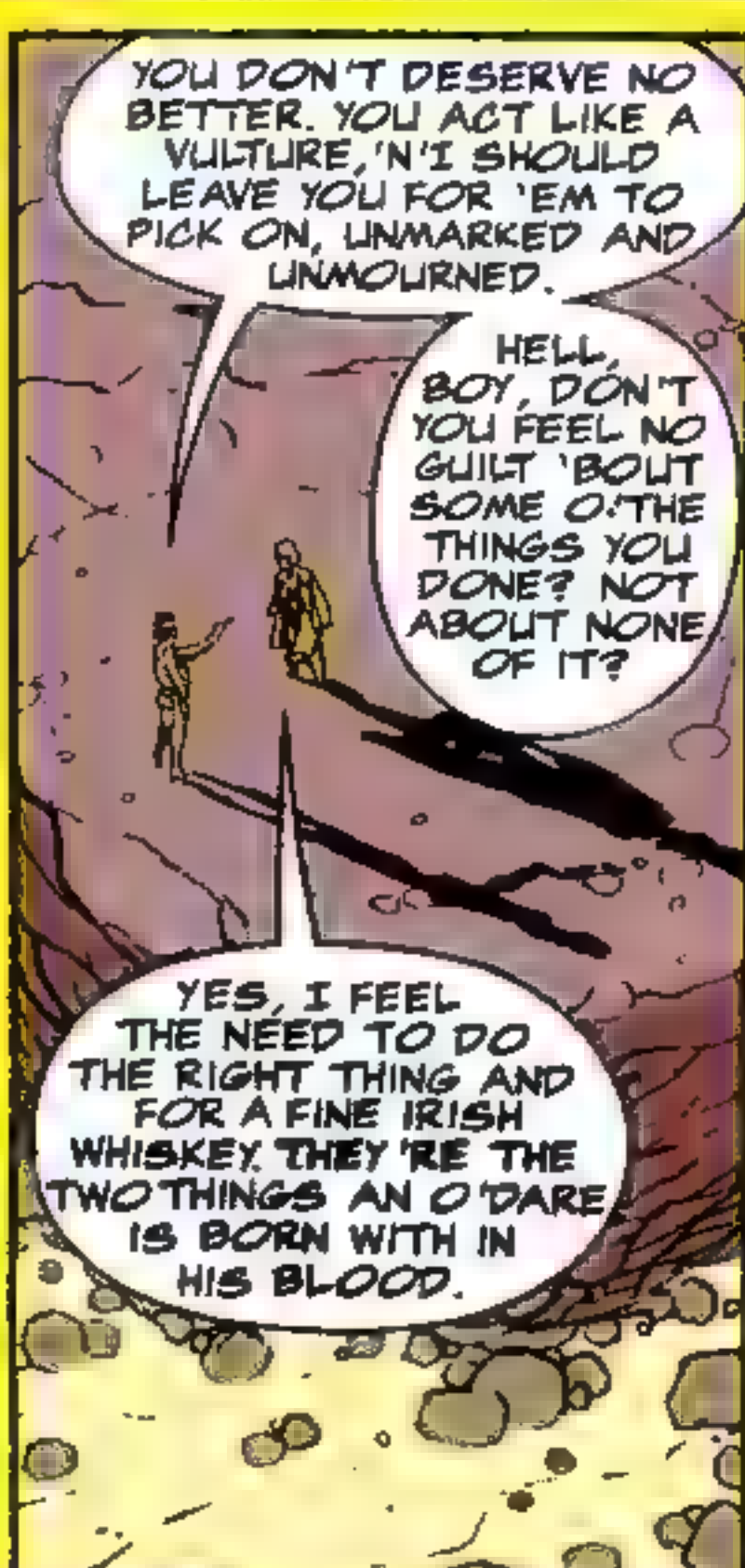
NO, I SHOULD  
PLUG YOU. CHEAPER 'N  
JAILING AND  
QUICKER 'N HANGING  
YOU.

WHAT IF WE HAD  
A SHOWDOWN, LIKE  
YOU USED TO DO IN THE  
OLD DAYS? QUICKEST  
ON THE DRAW WINS.



'CAUSE, I DON'T  
AIM TO GET SHOT BY  
YOU FOR ONE REASON.  
'N'Y'CAN'T KILL ME, 'CAUSE  
I AIN'T ALIVE. YOU COULD  
SHOOT ME BUT FULL  
O'HOLES, 'N'IT WOULD  
DO NO GOOD.

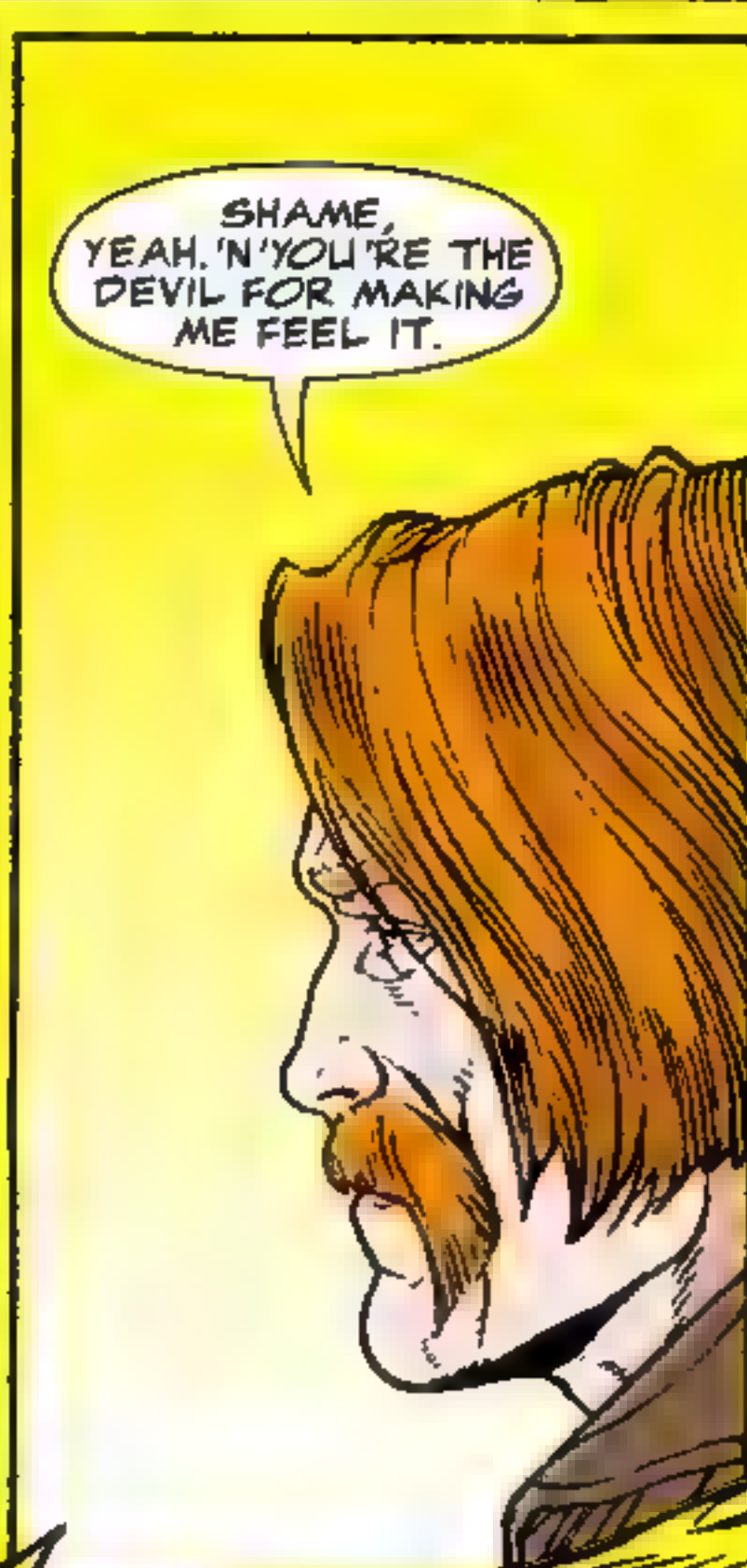
ME, ON  
T'OTHER  
HAND,  
COULD  
DRILL YOU  
A GOOD  
ONE 'TWEEN  
THE EYES  
AND THAT'D  
BE THAT.



YOU DON'T DESERVE NO  
BETTER. YOU ACT LIKE A  
VULTURE, 'N'I SHOULD  
LEAVE YOU FOR 'EM TO  
PICK ON, UNMARKED AND  
UNMOURNED.

HELL,  
BOY, DON'T  
YOU FEEL NO  
GUILT 'BOUT  
SOME O'THE  
THINGS YOU  
DONE? NOT  
ABOUT NONE  
OF IT?

YES, I FEEL  
THE NEED TO DO  
THE RIGHT THING AND  
FOR A FINE IRISH  
WHISKEY. THEY'RE THE  
TWO THINGS AN O'DARE  
IS BORN WITH IN  
HIS BLOOD.



SHAME,  
YEAH. 'N'YOU'RE THE  
DEVIL FOR MAKING  
ME FEEL IT.



WHERE'S MY MOTHER? SHE CERTAINLY ISN'T HERE.

INDULGE ME, JACK. LET'S PLAY PRETEND THAT I'M HER, STANDING BEFORE YOU.

NO WAY, SMOKEY!

INDULGE ME!

...MY LITTLE BOY.

"OH MOMMY" ... WHY DIDN'T MY POWER ROD WORK?

IS THAT THE KIND OF QUESTION YOU'D ASK YOUR REAL MOTHER?

INDULGE ME.

YOUR ROD IS POWERED BY COSMIC ENERGY. BY THE SUN AND STARS. ANY STARS THAT MIGHT ONCE HAVE SHONE IN HELL HAVE LONG SINCE BURNED OUT.

NOW I HAVE A QUESTION, JACK. DO YOU RECALL WHEN YOU WERE THREE, I BOUGHT YOU A TOY CAR? THEN, ON THAT SAME SATURDAY, WE PASSED A THRIFT STORE WHERE YOU STOPPED AND WOULDN'T BUDGE.

YOU LIKED A CAR IN THE WINDOW. IT WAS TWENTY YEARS OLDER AND HAD SOME CHIPPED PAINT, BUT YOU STILL MAINTAINED IT WAS BETTER THAN YOUR NEW ONE. YOU WANTED TO TRADE THEM. THREE YEARS OLD YOU WERE. THAT WAS THE START OF YOU AND ALL THINGS PAST.



I DON'T  
REMEMBER MUCH OF  
THEN. THREE YEARS  
OLD? NO.

DO YOU  
REMEMBER TELLING ME  
YOU LOVED ME MORE  
THAN DADDY?

I GUESS. I  
REMEMBER TELLING YOU I  
LOVED YOU. I DON'T RECALL  
CHOOSING SIDES BETWEEN  
YOU AND DAD.



AND DO  
YOU RECALL SAYING  
TO ME HOW YOU  
WANTED TO BE LIKE  
YOUR FATHER? HOW  
YOU WANTED TO BE A  
HERO? YOU WANTED  
TO PAINT AND YOU  
WANTED TO BE A  
HERO. MORE THAN  
ANYTHING.

NO.

WELL,  
YOU DID.



HEY, WHAT  
ARE THOSE? I SAW  
THEM EARLIER, BUT  
NOW THEY'RE HERE AT  
THE BEACH.

THEY'RE  
YOUR CHANCE TO  
BE A HERO, JACK. A  
TRUER, BRAVER,  
MOMMY'S LITTLE  
SOLDIER HERO.  
BRAVER AND BETTER  
THAN YOU'VE EVER  
BEEN.



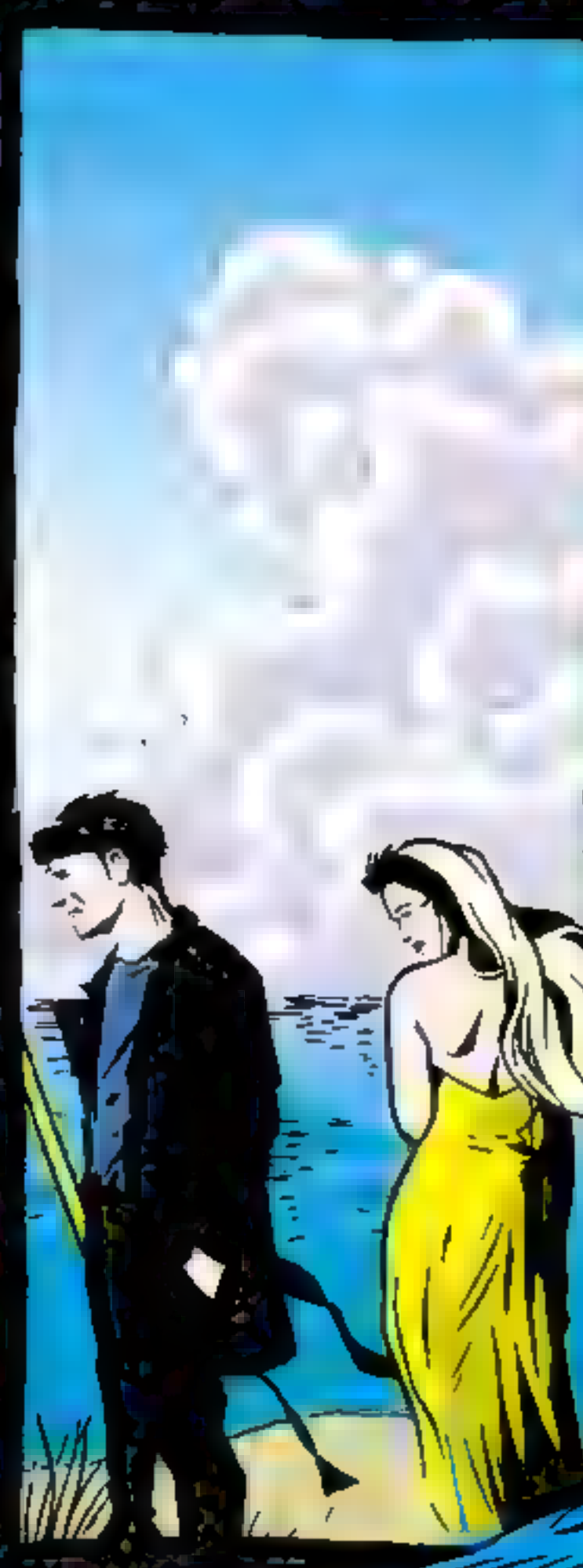
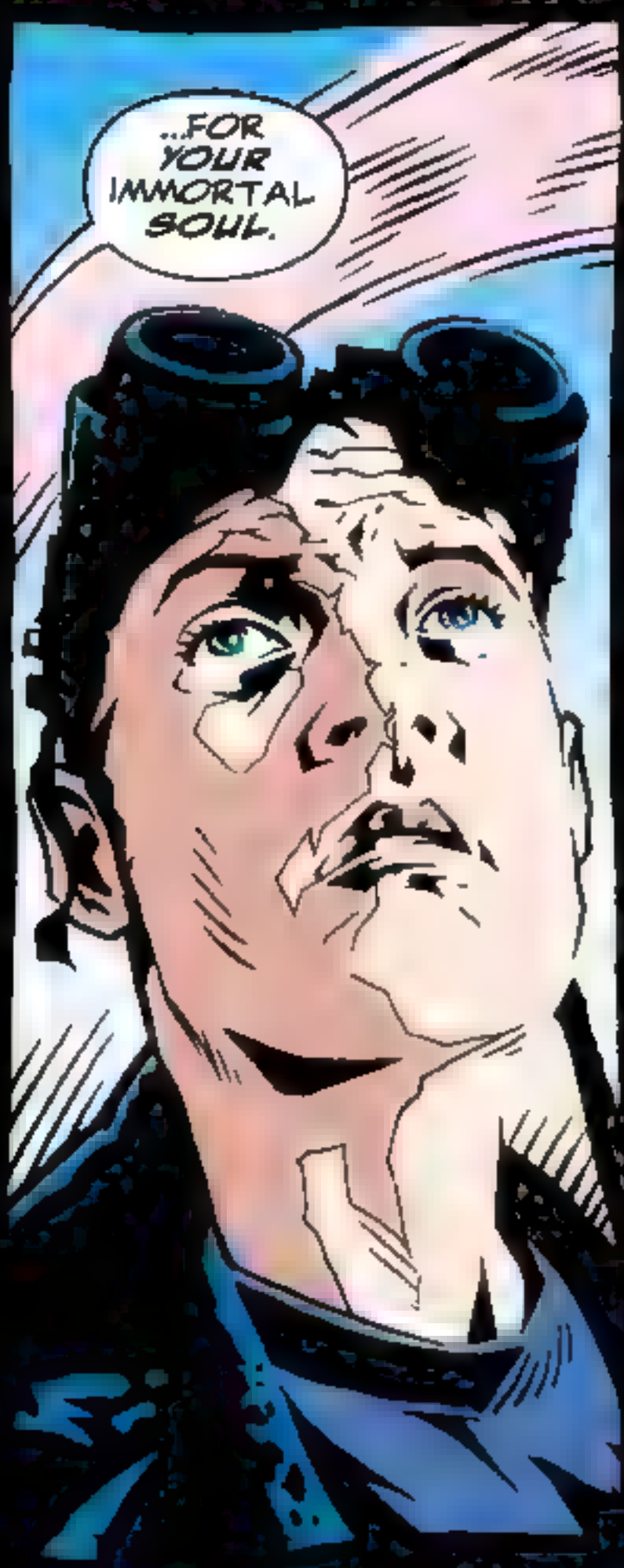
OH, YEAH?

THESE ARE  
EVERY INNOCENT  
I'VE EVER SNATCHED.  
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY  
YEARS OF PEOPLE  
DRAGGED FROM  
THEIR LIVES.

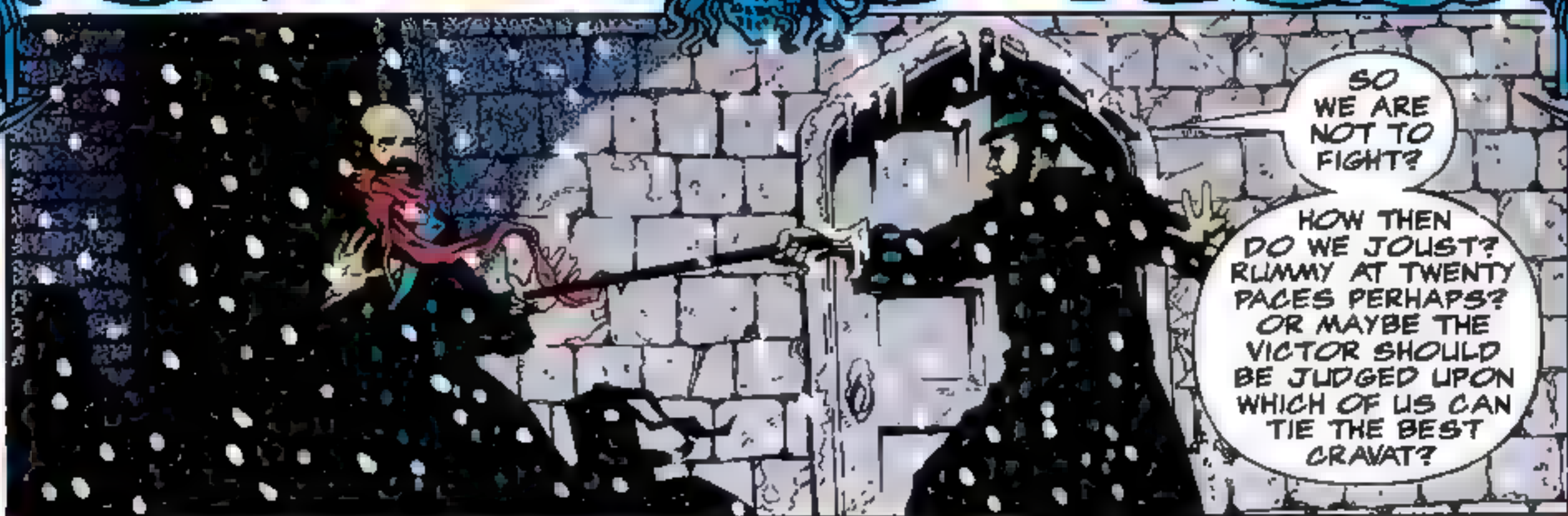
...FOR  
YOUR  
IMMORTAL  
SOUL.



BUT I'LL TRADE  
THEM ALL. RETURN  
THEM TO EARTH. IN  
EXCHANGE...







SO  
WE ARE  
NOT TO  
FIGHT?

HOW THEN  
DO WE JOUST?  
RUMMY AT TWENTY  
PACES PERHAPS?  
OR MAYBE THE  
VICTOR SHOULD  
BE JUDGED UPON  
WHICH OF US CAN  
TIE THE BEST  
CRAVAT?



I KNOW I'D PREFER  
ACTION TO INACTION  
ON A LONDON STREET  
IN WINTER.

IF WE ARE  
MERELY GOING TO  
THROW QUIPS AT EACH  
OTHER INSTEAD OF  
STONES, YOU MIGHT  
HAVE PICKED A COZY  
DRAWING ROOM, OR  
BETTER STILL A  
TAVERN WITH A BIG  
LOG FIRE.

INDEED,  
A NIGHT LIKE  
THIS IS ONE FOR  
POTTED HARE AND  
ALE AND KIDNEY PIE  
AND TRIFLE.



YOU'RE A  
GOURMAND?

I EAT,  
IF THAT'S WHAT  
YOU MEAN BY THE  
QUESTION.



AND DO  
YOU LOVE?

I  
HAVE LOVED,  
THOUGH NOT  
IN A WHILE.

AND WHY  
WOULD THAT  
BE?

LOVERS  
DIE.



YOU ARE  
QUITE A  
FELLOW,  
SHADE.

THANK YOU, I  
SUPPOSE.

I ADMIRE  
THE AMORALITY  
WE SHARE. THE  
CONTEMPT WE HAVE  
FOR MAN.



I AM NOT  
LIKE YOU. IF I WAS,  
I AM ASHAMED TO ADMIT  
IT. AND I... SOMETHING HAS  
CHANGED ME OF LATE. I  
STILL RETAIN A DELICIOUS  
DISREGARD FOR THE  
MORTALITY OF THOSE  
WHO WOULD HARM ME.  
BUT NO.

I  
AM NOT  
LIKE YOU.



YOU  
COULD NEVER  
PROVE IT.

ARE YOU  
NOT THE FELLOW  
WHO UNLEASHED HIS  
SHADOW FORCES  
UPON A CHINESE  
VILLAGE, KILLING  
EVERY MAN, WOMAN  
AND CHILD?

IT WAS 1902.

I DOUBT  
THERE'S A  
STATUTE OF  
LIMITATIONS  
ON SUCH AN  
ACT.

THERE  
WAS MORE TO  
THE STORY THAN  
YOU STATE. IT  
WASN'T SO OPEN  
AND SHUT.

AND  
YOU DIDN'T KILL  
A SUPERHERO...  
THE SPIDER?

1951, I BELIEVE,  
WAS THE YEAR.

AND HE  
WAS NOT...ALL  
HE APPEARED  
TO BE.

AND WHAT ABOUT  
THAT BUSINESS IN  
ALGIERS. THREE HUNDRED  
AND TWENTY SIX DEAD,  
AS I RECALL.

THERE WAS A  
REASON FOR THAT,  
AS WELL. YOU'RE TAKING  
THESE EVENTS AND  
TWISTING THEM.

THE FACT  
REMAINS I AM NOT  
MERRITT.

CAN YOU  
PROVE IT  
NOW?

NO.

AHH,  
THEN PERHAPS  
WE DO DIFFER  
SOMEWHAT...

...FOR  
I HAVE  
THE MEANS  
AND THE  
MANNER.

THESE  
WRAITHS ARE  
ALL THE PEOPLE  
I'VE TAKEN. HUNDREDS  
OF INNOCENTS. I WILL  
RETURN THEM TO  
EARTH. I WILL FREE  
THEIR SOULS...

...IN  
EXCHANGE  
FOR  
YOURS.

AND I  
WILL REMOVE  
MERRITT  
FOREVER.



ALLRIGHT,  
CONVINCE ME  
NOT TO  
SHOOT.

WHY'D YOU  
BECOME WHAT  
YOU DID?

NO, I DO. IT WAS A  
COP BUDDY OF MINE,  
MURREY LAKE. HE WAS  
CROOKED. I KNEW IT,  
AND I WAS TRYING TO  
GET HIM TO GO  
STRAIGHT. HE'D LAUGH  
AND SAY "ONE DAY," IN  
THAT WAY LIKE I'D  
ASKED HIM TO QUIT  
SMOKES OR FAST  
FOOD.

AND THEN  
HE GOT SICK. IT  
LOOKED LIKE HE'D BE OKAY,  
BUT HE WAS LAID UP. PRETTY  
GOOD. HE HAD TO DROP OFF A  
PACKAGE. IF HE DIDN'T, THE MOB  
HE WAS WORKING FOR WOULD  
HAVE KILLED HIM. HE TOLD ME  
THIS AND ASKED ME TO  
MAKE THE DELIVERY.

I LUMMED  
AND AHMED, BUT I  
FINALLY AGREED FOR  
THE SAKE OF MURREY'S  
WIFE AND KIDS.

AND  
THEN?

I...I  
DON'T  
KNOW.

TWO DAYS LATER MURREY  
TOOK A TURN FOR THE  
WORSE AND DIED. THE MOB  
CAME TO ME. THEY NEEDED  
SOMEONE TO TAKE  
MURREY'S PLACE. THEY SAID  
IF I DIDN'T DO A FEW  
SIMPLE JOBS FOR THEM,  
THEY'D REPORT ME MAKING  
THAT FIRST DELIVERY.

SO I LUMMED  
AND AHMED AGAIN,  
AND FINALLY  
AGREED.

THE SIMPLE JOBS GOT  
LESS SIMPLE. I GOT  
HARDER WITH THEM. BEFORE  
LONG I WAS HELPING TO  
PEDDLE DRUGS, LOSE  
EVIDENCE, FIX WITNESSES,  
KILL PEOPLE.

SOON  
I FOUND I  
HAD A TASTE FOR  
DOING THE WRONG  
THING.



YOU DISHONOR  
THE MEMORY OF  
OUR TWO FAMILIES  
THE O'DARES AND  
THE SAVAGES.



I KNEW  
YOUR GREAT-  
GRANDFATHER. HE  
WAS A YOUNG FOOL  
WHEN HE JOINED MY  
POLICE FORCE, BUT  
HE DIED A HERO,  
YEARS AFTER MY  
PASSING.

YEAH, IN THE  
SIEGE OF GARLIC  
LANE. HELL, THAT'S  
SO FAMOUS THEY  
EVEN TEACH IT TO  
KIDS IN HISTORY  
CLASS.

'N'WHAT ABOUT  
YOUR GRANDDADDY,  
RORY? HIM'AT TRACKED  
DOWN JOEY NAPLES ON  
HIS OWN.

WELL, HOW DO  
YOU THINK EITHER  
O'THEM O'DARES'D  
FEEL?



WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO  
MAKE AMENDS FOR YOUR  
DISGRACE?

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I CAN DO  
EXCEPT CHANGE  
MY WAYS.

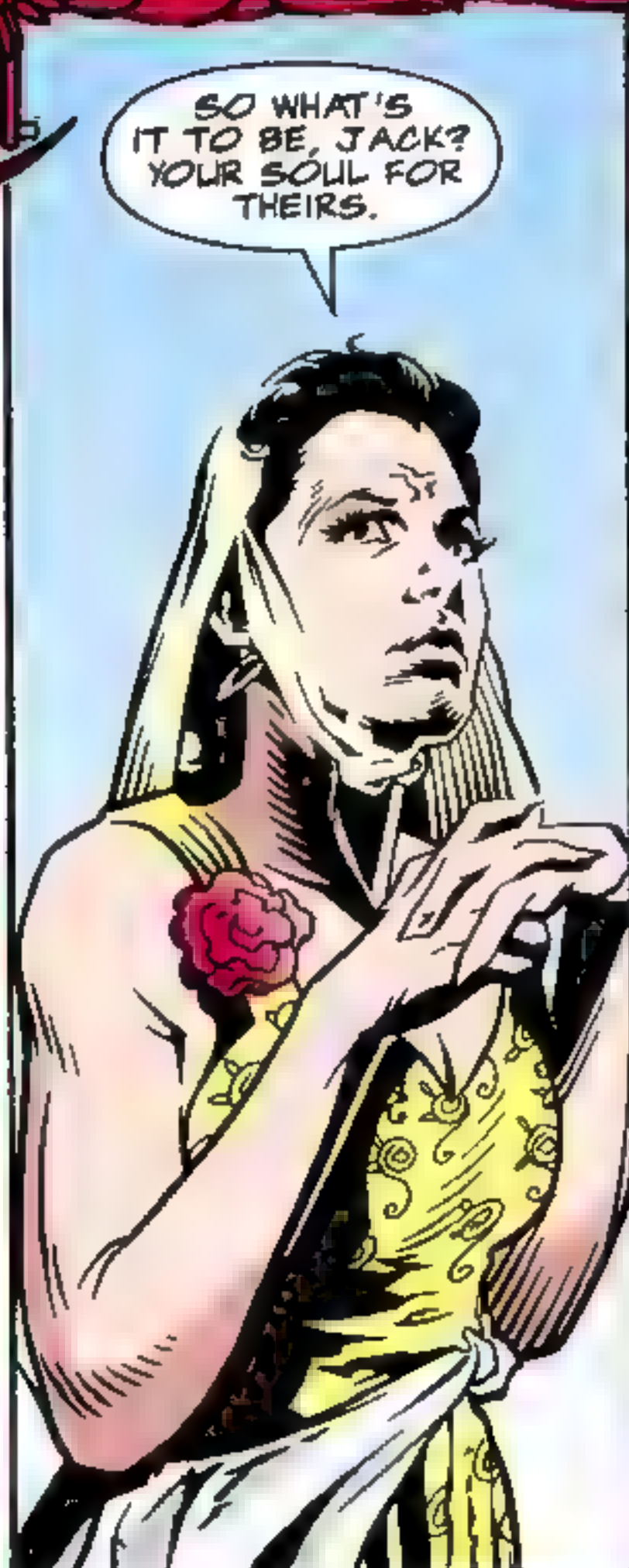
OH,  
I GOT ME A  
NOTION.



'COURSE,  
IT'LL COST  
YOU.



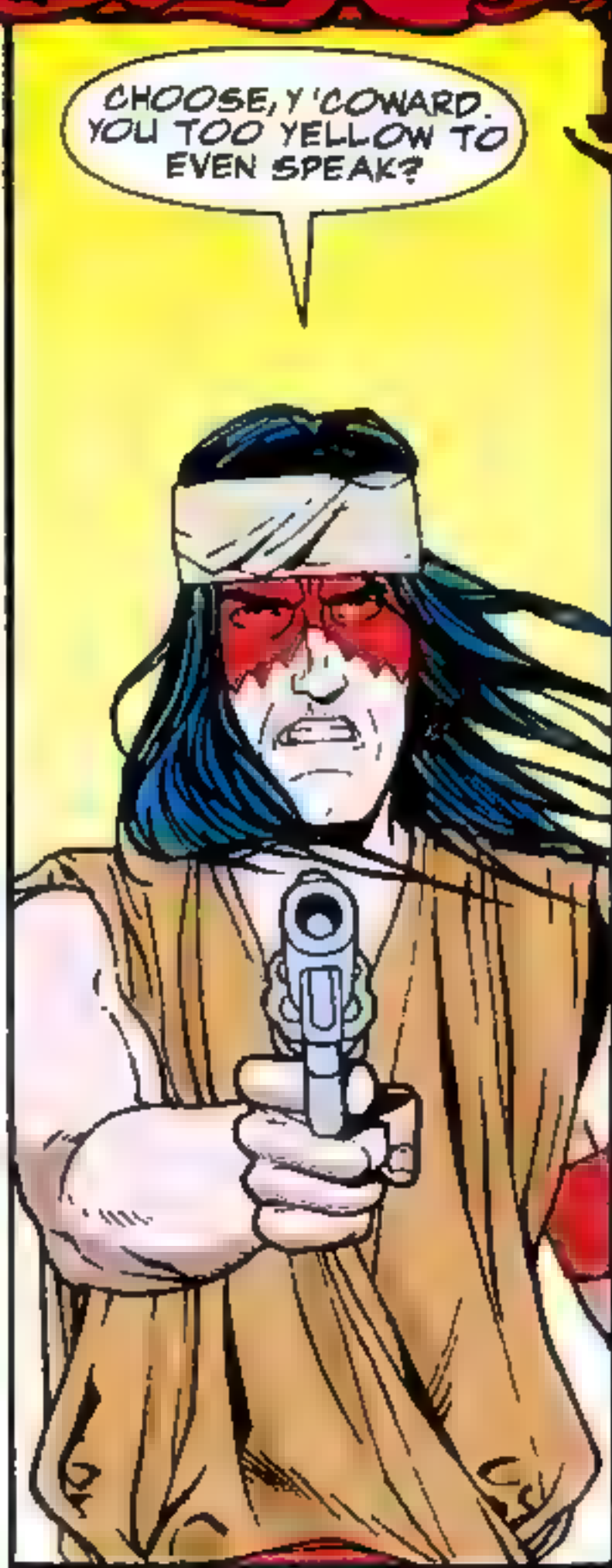




SO WHAT'S  
IT TO BE, JACK?  
YOUR SOUL FOR  
THEIRS.



I KNOW  
YOU WON'T. YOU'VE  
NEVER SACRIFICED. WHY  
START NOW?



CHOOSE, Y' COWARD.  
YOU TOO YELLOW TO  
EVEN SPEAK?



ALL...ALL  
R...RIGHT MY...SOUL  
IS Y...Y...  
YOURS.



I'VE  
ENDURED MANY  
HELLS IN MY  
MANY LIFETIMES.  
WHAT'S ONE  
MORE?

IF YOU  
WANT THE  
BLACK SHRIVELED  
THING I CALL A  
SOUL, IT'S  
YOURS.



YOU WANT  
MY SOUL, YOU  
GOT IT.

NO  
MORE THAN  
I DESERVE.



SO DO WE FIGHT NOW?

NO

THE BATTLE'S ALREADY WON.

BY YOU, THE THREE OF YOU.

YOU WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME YOUR EVERLASTING SOULS SO THAT STRANGERS MIGHT BE RELEASED FROM MY HOLD.

THAT'S A DEAL I CAN'T ACCEPT. NO DEMON CAN ACCEPT A SOUL TENDERED FOR A SELFLESS REASON

GET OUTA TOWN.

THINK ABOUT IT. WHEN HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF SOMEONE OFFERING THEIR SOUL FOR THE END OF FAMINE, OR THE END OF WAR?

NO, PEOPLE BARTER AWAY THAT MOST PRECIOUS THING THEY HAVE... FOR A GAIN OF SOME KIND.

THE NEAREST IT GETS IS WHEN I'VE BEEN OFFERED A SOUL IN EXCHANGE FOR THE HEALTH OF AN AILING LOVED ONE, OR THE RESURRECTION OF A DEAD ONE. THOUGH A NOBLE GESTURE, IT'S STILL MOTIVATED BY THE SELFISH LONGING TO BE WITH THAT PERSON AGAIN.

YOU THREE HAD NO INKLING THERE WAS A TEST AT ALL, AND YET YOU PASSED IT.

AND CHARITY, TOO. THE SEER. HAD THINGS GONE TO THE BAD... WITH MERRITT, YOU WOULD HAVE FOUND USE FOR HER I WON'T TELL YOU HOW; HER POWERS ARE FOR HER TO DISCOVER.

BUT TELL HER THAT MY BOUNTY UPON HER PRETTY NECK IS NO MORE.

AND YOU GET BACK EVERYONE I'VE EVER TAKEN.

SO WE KEEP OUR SOULS?

AND MERRITT LOSES HIS FINALLY?

AND YOU WIN.





BUT DON'T  
THINK FOR A  
MOMENT  
YOU'VE STOPPED  
ME FOREVER.

I'VE IN MIND A  
PAVEMENT ARTIST  
I MIGHT APPROACH  
ONE DARK DAY. HE  
LONGS TO EXHIBIT  
IN THE GALLERIES  
OF THE WORLD.



AND IN RETURN, IF HE  
VISITS DIFFERENT LANDS,  
HE'LL LINGER AWHILE AND  
DRAW A COLORFUL CHALK  
GATEWAY ON THE GROUND FOR  
ME, IN THE RUES AND STRASSES  
AND PIAZZAS OF THE WORLD  
THAT I'LL GIVE HIM.



AND I  
WILL COME  
AGAIN.



MATT!



HELP  
HIM OUT OF  
HERE!

THAT'S IT!  
PULL! JACK AND  
SHADE ARE  
BEHIND ME.



NOW  
WE NEED  
ANOTHER  
POSTER.

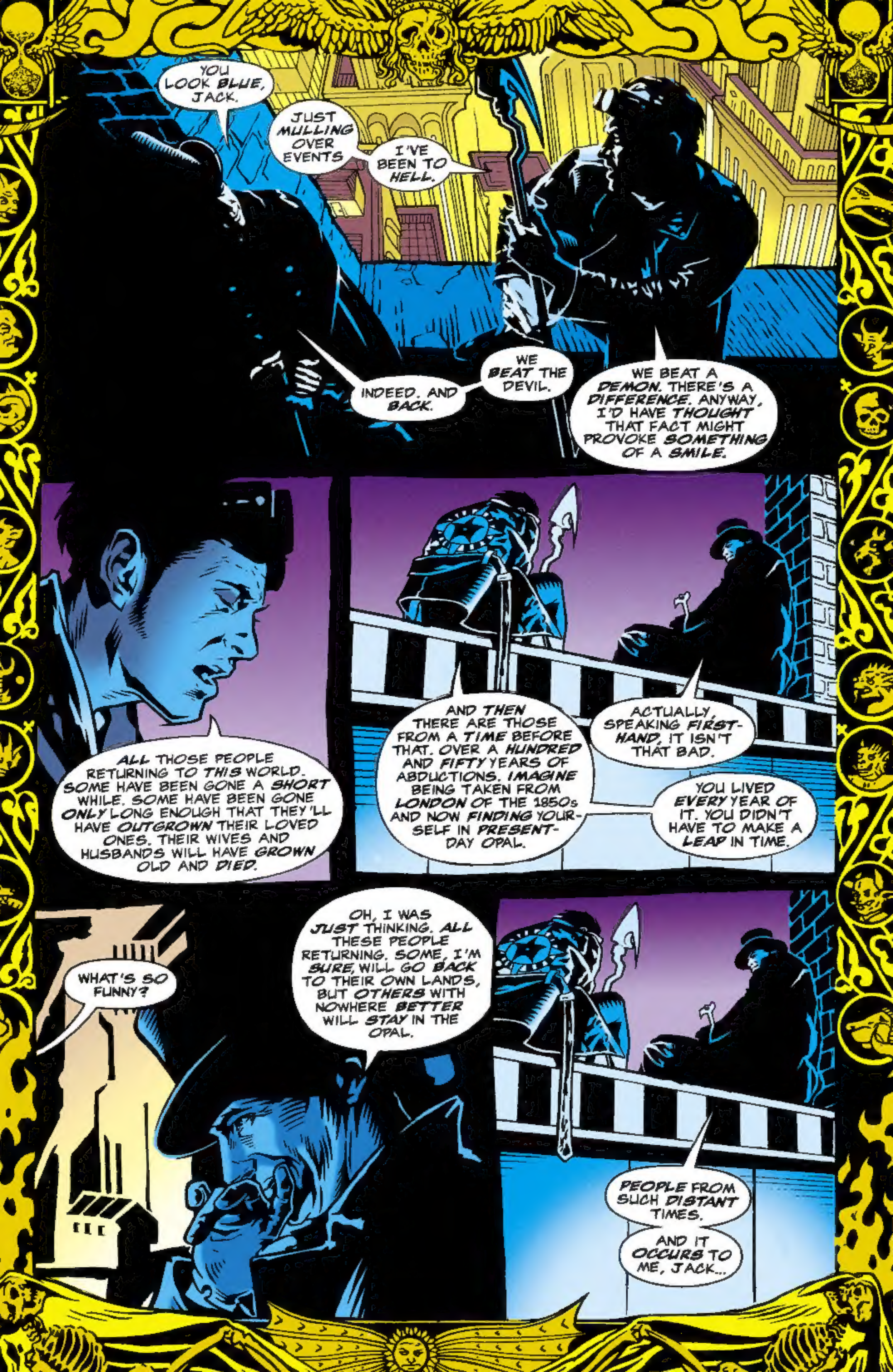


THE BIGGEST  
POSTER YOU  
CAN THINK OF.



WELL,  
THERE'S ONE  
THAT COMES  
TO MIND.





YOU  
LOOK BLUE,  
JACK.

JUST  
MULLING  
OVER  
EVENTS

I'VE  
BEEN TO  
HELL.

INDEED. AND  
BACK.

WE  
BEAT THE  
DEVIL.

WE BEAT A  
DEMON. THERE'S A  
DIFFERENCE. ANYWAY,  
I'D HAVE THOUGHT  
THAT FACT MIGHT  
PROVOKE SOMETHING  
OF A SMILE.

ALL THOSE PEOPLE  
RETURNING TO THIS WORLD.  
SOME HAVE BEEN GONE A SHORT  
WHILE. SOME HAVE BEEN GONE  
ONLY LONG ENOUGH THAT THEY'LL  
HAVE OUTGROWN THEIR LOVED  
ONES. THEIR WIVES AND  
HUSBANDS WILL HAVE GROWN  
OLD AND DIED.

AND THEN  
THERE ARE THOSE  
FROM A TIME BEFORE  
THAT. OVER A HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY YEARS OF  
ABDUCTIONS. IMAGINE  
BEING TAKEN FROM  
LONDON OF THE 1850s  
AND NOW FINDING YOUR-  
SELF IN PRESENT-  
DAY OPAL.

ACTUALLY,  
SPEAKING FIRST-  
HAND, IT ISN'T  
THAT BAD.

YOU LIVED  
EVERY YEAR OF  
IT. YOU DIDN'T  
HAVE TO MAKE A  
LEAP IN TIME.

WHAT'S SO  
FUNNY?

OH, I WAS  
JUST THINKING. ALL  
THESE PEOPLE  
RETURNING. SOME, I'M  
SURE, WILL GO BACK  
TO THEIR OWN LANDS,  
BUT OTHERS WITH  
NOWHERE BETTER  
WILL STAY IN THE  
OPAL.

PEOPLE FROM  
SUCH DISTANT  
TIMES.

AND IT  
OCCURS TO  
ME, JACK...



...THIS CITY MAY BE A LITTLE MORE INTERESTING BECAUSE OF IT.



A Christmas Knight



# Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT  
AWESOME  
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP